

**SOCIETY NEWS.**

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**SHORT RAMBLE AMONG THE ODDS  
AND ENDS OF A JUNK-SHOP.**

COUNTER WITH THE WHEEN-FACED  
SALESMEN—THROUGH THE RAG-ROOM TO  
THE BONE DEPARTMENT—FALSE TEETH  
AND SECOND-HAND COFFINS—CRIME AND  
OVERTY.

The junk and pawn shops are to a busy town

settles are to mansion houses. They are something more. They are the miscellaneous members of the stricken members of society. As legitimate business, however, as the occasions of scores of men who daily walk out of the city, men whose sparkling trikotis, reseeded with the most magnificent turnouts, brownstone mansions, and rich tapestry, are drawn from the ranks of thousands of poverty-stricken men, who honestly for bread.

There are strange places. There are thirty of them in the dusty nooks of the city. Ten of them are well known and small. The others are

The junk-shop is principally for the hereditarily poor, while the pawnbroker's is the refuge of dandies, fashions, flaneurs, and inflated aristocracy. The former buys and sells indiscriminately everything known to man, while the latter receives a careful scrutiny articles offered on loan. The pawnshop is the last resort of the dandy in the world of fashion. As you enter a junk-shop you feel as though you were entering your way among the dingy and moss-

STRANGE BURECK.  
squeaks like the voice of a rusty gate as you  
over it. Innumerable articles are thrown  
it in such confusion as to present a picture of  
and wild desolation. At first you hesitate to  
draw back from the unwelcome presence, but a  
second glance awakens curiosity, and you pass  
The ceilings are low and dampened with  
y throw, kettle, lantern and three other

age, which have been bought for a mere pittance. The windows are patched with rag and rags, while clouds of brown dust covered the street. The general aspect of the interior is that of a shop where the vender and vendee are cramped and straitened alike, and it's hard to think which to pity the most—the who buys or the who sells. By this time the little wisdom-faced negro who inevitably inhabits these odd retailers of musty and curious things will wait on you, rubbing his hands, and salute you

"WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?"

policy to remark that it's very fine weather, then call for something you feel certain he won't get. We called for a hand vice and nervously awaited results. He didn't say that he didn't got it, nor did he tell us to sit down on an aching plow-point and watch developments, but he requested us to "step back yere and we'll see." We stepped "back yere" with difficulty, occasionally stumbling over a heterogeneous mass of barrels, and then exercising our head with a creaked cradle which dangled from the ceiling in a manner that reminded us of eternity and past

We dodged and darted under in pursuit of rapidly fleeing trader in second-hand things. We arrived at the little variety dump-room just in time to see the dealer pinched-faced enough behind the pinched-faced dealer to be able to reach him with our boots. It was a coincidental interference for him. Our back bones were with a ghastly smile, (this expression was an enthusiastic one but it's not obsolete,) continued dodgings and shiftings to avoid colliding collisions with

**STINGLES SADDLES, PITCHFORKS, BOWIE KNIVES,**

...ments of horse care, and something that re-

After we reached the variety-room we were too busy searching for a piece of iron large enough to make a funeral for the friends of the singer, to ask where he obtained this political capital; but I inferred from what he said afterwards that it was shipped from Cincinnati to Baltimore, remaining there during the Democratic convention and when the tidal wave swept over the country it was washed into this city, and picked up by a sneak thief, who brought it to him in the

and said it for a mere pittance, and (how you Sunday school romance) the wisened dealer had all the symptoms of veracity catarrh. We felt as though our head was

GOING FROM EAR TO EAR,

as the dealer pointed in a business-like way to a pile of old iron we forced a smile, nodded, and looked around for a seat—it was a headless crooked keg with the usual number of nails—and down. There were two piles; one was a fragment pile and the other consisted of whole pieces. The fragment pile resembled an exploded torpedo. The pile of whole pieces received the at-

on of the hunky little dealer with a glass in his hand. He didn't roll up his sleeves and invoke the stances of a dusty looking darkey, who was on the job in an adjoining room sorting bones and meats, but he simply said,

"THERE'S ONE IN THERE."

He went down into that pile of rubbish like a man in search of a woodchuck. For a moment the airy prospects of the old man were alarming, then we were suddenly called upon to take care of ourselves. We darted and dodged about, kicking the keg and a portion of our pants on it to

the flying horse-shoes, rusty kettles and rusted storoipes, which were shooting about discomously, accompanied by an occasional grun the active little dealer. Talk about moral mon on the minds of men! It wont compare the moving power of this man's habit of using old iron. We were active, patient and suffering until he unintentionally sang an quated flatter at us, which no skill and nulty of ours could avert. It settled on a corn he was residing on the index toe. For a mo streaks of pain played tag with our spine, then we caught that foot up in our hands,

THIS IS NO FANCY SKETCH. It is a hard reality, and the stove-leg impression remains at the time of writing. We couldn't trust it with words. We hadn't the courage to stir the good estimation the manager had apparently formed of us, by adding one word of propriety to the scene. He was rather dilatory in making our accident, and when he did it was none of your sympathetic expressions. It was

THE ENTOMOLOGICAL LABORATORY,

preparatory to the coming campaign. The fellow scratched his bloodshot brow and pointed for an encyclopedia in the book department. We had gone so far as policy would allow on a vice question, as we interpreted him and our business frankly known. We had come to write him up. The astonishment evaporated through him like that of a person who has just ended the gripes of a thunderbolt. He arose to his wife, whispered to her for momentary return, looking dumb like and blind. He stared suspicious and full of self-interest, but not rising as the mistress of a stroll through

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO

They formerly cultivated Witchamit, but of  
which has been exclusively employed in raising  
Witchamit, which the ghosts did squeak and jibber  
in metallic organ from the deserted and  
Witchamit. On other side, as far as the pa-  
rents, it looked as though the attitude of  
the people had been dumped prematurely  
This was the

**RAG DEPARTMENT,**

the other and then hurried as along. Com-  
pletely dashing our head against a  
the other. Some blanket from the  
the other.

of the stable, and one which the man missed the night before, and then for us we would trip over protruding bed frames and chest-beds into the junk dealer's.

On we went, now planting ourself on the edge of our guide, and again nudging him in the back in our efforts to save our head from the pile with the frowning blankets, or bomeast and tattered garments which hung in confusion from the walls.

When we reached the room at the end of the passage, we described several circles with our hands in the floor in search of some dark hole.

ACROSS LINE ABOUT 400 YD FROM THE POINT OF IMPACT